

(15)

Albion's Naval Glory,

O R,

10100-26  
Britannia's Triumphs:

A

POETICAL ESSAY

Towards a Description of a

SEA FIGHT

Occasion'd by the late Engagement

BETWEEN THE

ENGLISH, DUTCH, and FRENCH

FLEETS

IN THE

Mediterranean SEA,

August the 13th, 1704.



*Volatile ferrum*

*arsens natus Neptunia caele rubescunt.*

*Virg. lib. 8. Aeneid.*

L O N D O N,

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POE'S ESSAY

SEE A FIGHT

Occasioned by the late engagement

BETWEEN THE

ENGLISH, DUTCH, and AMERICAN

FLLETS

ON THE

Mediterranean SEA.

London: 1810. 1704

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London

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T O

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Rooke, Vice Admiral of Eng-  
land, &c.*

*The Honourable Sir Cloudisly Shovel,  
Admiral of the White.*

*Sir John Leake, Vice Admiral.*

*Sir George Bing, Rear Admiral.*

*Rear Admiral Dilks.*

*Rear Admiral Wishart.*

*Sir John Jennings.*

**This Poem  
Is Humbly  
Inscribed.**



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*Albion's Naval Glory,*  
 O R,  
**Britannia's Triumphs :**  
 A  
**Poetical Essay, &c.**

**I** Sing the Pride of *Albion*, and the Pow'r  
 That guards our own, and threatens the *Gallick* Shore.  
 To *Britain's* Glory, I my Song prepare,  
*Britain*, the Arbiter of Peace and War,  
 That looks at once, so awful, and so fair.  
 How glorious Her extended Canvas shows,  
 Her Navy, how commanding to Her Foes,  
 To whose Majestick Height, all *Europe* bows.

Then tell, my Muse, if thou can'st well express,  
 Such wondrous Greatness in the Art of Verse;  
 How *Albion's* Fame does more at large appear,  
 When armed *Fleets* Sail thro' the yielding Air,  
 And awe the Neighb'ring Worlds with pannick Fear.

Tell, how the sharpen'd Keels divide the Main,  
 And how the turgid Waves press in again ;



How fond their close Embraces they pursue,  
And Kifs their Verdure into Azure Blew.

Tell, how these floating Citidals prepare  
For Friendly Union, or Destructive War:  
In Strife, how like *Leviathan* they move,  
And when they speak, how like the Voice of *Jove*;  
How many Prodigies here we may find,  
And see with what great Skill they are design'd;  
How nicely weigh'd is ev'ry pond'rous Beam,  
And how each closely fitted to its Frame;  
With what Command the Rudder guides the Hulk,  
How such Exactness in the Massy Bulk.

Tell this, and twice Ten Thousand Wonders more.  
And when we've all our Admiration cloy'd,  
Observe to what great Ends they are imploy'd:  
What God-like Souls the chief Directors are;  
Then view the Mystery with the last Dispair,  
When prudent Conduct gives the great Command,  
These Wooden Worlds obey the Ruling Hand,  
And by those Orders, move to Sea or Land.

Now was the time when the hot *Syrian* Dog  
Corrupts the *Hesperian* Seas with ev'ry noisom Fog;  
The Month the *Roman* Senate did decree,  
Perpetual, to *Augustus* Memory.

In those same Seas, where that fam'd *Cæsar* fought,  
And where at *Actium*, he such Glory got;



Great *Albion's* Navy did with Thunder roar,  
 Dreadful to *Affrick*, and th' *Iberian* Shore :  
 In that renown'd *Cantabrian* Ocean, She  
 Display'd Her *British* Flags of Victory.

The wond'rous Tale of *Actium* must be lost,  
 When this is told on the same *Barbary* Coast ;  
 The Battel of *Pepanto* quite forgot,  
 Where this, the Greatest, and the last was fought ;  
 This Battel, which at once made *Europe* know  
 What *Albion* cou'd, what *Gallia* cou'd not do.

In *Tyrrhene* Seas near proud *Iberia's* Shore,  
 Often Insulted by the Barbarous *Moor*,  
 Aspiring ~~*France*~~ her Canvas Wings display'd,  
 Pluming her self with Thoughts to be Obey'd,  
 Spread all her Sails, and her vast Anchors weigh'd.

With flattering Pomp, she made the Watry Main  
 Servile to her, and her Majestick Train ;  
 The Ocean Smil'd, the Surges of the Deep  
 Durst not Awake, but Trembling lay a Sleep,  
 Hush'd as with Fear, at *Neptune's* awful Nod,  
 When he commands to Calmness, like a God ;  
 Thus rode the *Gallick* Navy, as if led  
 In Triumph to bright *Thetis* Nuptial Bed.

But see, fair *Albion's* Fleet from *Africk's* Shore,  
 Soon does the Hopes and Fears of *France* explore ;

Her



Her *Peacock* Train hoisted with such a Pride ✓  
 On her Top-Masts before, now's laid :  
 They take th' Alarm, and for the Charge prepare,  
 Affur'd of Conquest, tho' possess'd with Fear:  
 Tho' in her *Numbers* *Gallia* did confide,  
 Well knowing *Numbers* make the strongest Side,  
 Yet Victory to her *Numbers* was deny'd.

*Affrick* and *Spain* both saw th' amazing Sight,  
 And look'd with Horror at th' approaching Fight :  
 They saw with Wonder, what encreas'd their Fear,  
 And shook like Cowards, as the Fleets drew near :  
 In dire Amaze, the *Spaniards* saw that Day,  
 That must enforce their Nation, either way,  
 Be Slaves to *France*, or *Charles* the *Third* obey.

From their steep Cliffs, they saw both Navies come,  
 Crowding their Sails, like Clouds before a Storm ;  
 The Air grew dark, and all the Lights of Heaven  
 Seem'd in Eclipse ; as when a *Sea* is driven  
 By *Lybian* Winds, that on the *Beeches* roar,  
 And cast the Billows on th' *Iberian* Shoar,  
 The Flood breaks in, the frightened People fly,  
 And more by Flight, than by the Tempest Die ;  
 The Surging Waves swell still in higher Pride,  
 And sport in Triumph on the raging Tide :  
 While the sad Shore, thus vanquish'd with Dispair,  
 Yields to the Waves, and the tormenting Air.



So stood the *Spaniards* on the Neighbouring Shore,  
 And so, with dreadful Aspects look'd the *Moor*,  
 When the bold *Britons*, eager to Engage,  
 Fir'd all their Souls with Courage, and with Rage;  
 The loud Mouth'd Cannon quickly did repeat,  
 The General's Brav'ry, and the Sailors Heat:  
*Gallia* return'd with Fire, their glorious Rage,  
 And now the Murd'ring Engines of the War Engage.

Now Shot pours in, like ratling Show'rs of Hail,  
 Or Spouts that in the *Western* Ocean fall;  
 Now Darkness Black as Hell, that wou'd affright,  
 And Fire breaks out, like Lightning in the Night;  
 Thick Sulp'rous Flames spread o'er the Beamy Skies,  
 Not to give Light, but blind the Soldiers Eyes,  
 While Horror still encreases with their Cries.  
 Deaf'ned with Noise, Amaz'd with sudden Blows,  
 Now 'mong the Sailors more Confusion grows;  
 Their Shrowds are torn, Masts by the Ship-board fall,  
 And Rage and dire Destruction reigns thro' all.

Here Legs and Arms in wild Destruction lie,  
 While furious Flames amidst the Tackling fly:  
 This way they run to prop the falling Mast,  
 Then leave't, to save the sinking Ship with haste:



Here a Broad-side has pour'd a Deluge in,  
 Then at the Pump they Work with all their main,  
 To pour the Sea into the Sea again.

Now the Fight rages, now the Battel's hot,  
 And e'ery Sailor to his Bufiness got ;  
*Gen'ral* with *Gen'ral* now design'dly meet,  
 While *Shovel* Thunders thro' the *Gallick* Fleet,  
 And streaming Flags lie shatter'd at his Feet.  
 Whole Show'rs of Fiery Balls on Ship-board rain,  
 While the dread Sounds disturb th' *Atlantick* Main ;  
 For *Sovereignty* the Bellowing Engines roar,  
 And make their Claim known to each distant Shore.

Ev'n *Neptune* trembles at th' impetuous Shocks,  
 Forfakes the Deep, for Safety, seeks the Rocks.  
 But Earth and Seas, the dire Convulsions feel,  
 The frantick Waves, like Drunkards, tofs, and reel,  
 And tumble too and fro, the mighty Keel :  
 Rouling 'gainst Seas, her Maffy Ribs are split,  
 And forc'd in this Combustion to refit :  
 Others like burning *Beacons* do appear,  
 Stor'd well with Pitchy Cordage, and with Tar.

Next see a horrible and hideous Blast,  
 Blow up the Deck, and rend the sturdy Mast ;  
 Break the tuff Oak in Splinters thro' the Sky,  
 Then force the pond'rous Waves in Air to fly ;  
 While



While mangled Limbs amidst the Surges ride,  
Toss'd by the Sea, with her disdainful Pride.

The *Eastern* Winds drive on the roaring Train,  
That fret the angry Billows of the Main :  
Now *Nereus* Foams, and now the storming Tide,  
With Violence 'gainst ev'ry Ship does ride ;  
Waves fall on Waves, and Seas on Seas are driven,  
Then break, like Thunder-Claps that fall from Heaven.

Both Sides attack, both Sides alike defend,  
This gives the Charge, the other Aids his Friend.  
Sometimes they hope, sometimes they doubtful grow,  
While Death strikes sure on both at ev'ry Blow.

Conquest leans here, then on the other side,  
Like boist'rous Winds that drive th' unruly Tide :  
Here one drops down, his Room another fills,  
That a huge Ball, this a small Splinter Kills ;  
His Friend succeeds him, takes the vacant Place,  
And falls himself within a little space.  
Heaps crowd on Heaps, and Groans so dreadful grow,  
The hideous Objects from their Sight they throw,  
And in their Cries, sink to the Deep below.

The rueful Prospect strikes a Fear on all  
That see brave Men in vain for Pity call :  
So Savage Swine will roar with clam'rous Noise,  
When any from the Heard for Safety cries,

Round



Round him they flock, to give their best Relief,  
And what they want in Pow'r, they yield in Grief.

Now see the Sea-green Waves with Blood are dy'd,  
And Purple Billows on the Surface ride ;  
See how the *Porpoise* Monster is afraid,  
Looks pale with Horror, dare not show his Head,  
But hides himself in the Seas ouzy Bed.

*Tritons* in vain attempt to banish Fear,  
But fly with wild Disorder, here and there,  
Thro' all the Deep, Astonishment they spread,  
And more the Fire, than *Neptune's* Anger dread.

But see, how *Rook* Labours and Toils to meet  
The *Gallick* Heroe, 'midst his pompous Fleet ;  
How his Eyes sparkle, how his Eye-Balls roul,  
How wise his Conduct, yet, how great his Soul  
Swoln big with Rage, with *Albion's* Glory fir'd,  
To ev'ry Soldier he new Life inspir'd.

Each did his Fellow with stern Wrath inflame,  
And swelling Pride, made ev'ry Sailor claim  
The spreading Laurels of their *Gen'ral's* Fame.  
Clapping and Raving with tumultuous Sound,  
The very Seas did to the Noise rebound ;  
Disdaining Fear, tho' Death their *Huzzas* met,  
They spurn'd the Grisly Tyrant from their Feet.

Now



Now Pale, then Black, and Bloody as they lay,  
Pursuit of Conquest banish'd Fear away,  
And ev'ry Soldier Bleft the Glorious Day.  
No base Contention rose, but noble Strife,  
To see, who shou'd \_\_\_\_\_  
Most Honour gain, not who shou'd save his Life.

So the Renown'd *Achilles*, when he fought  
With *Hector*, ev'ry thing but Fame forgot;  
The Herce forc'd the *Grecians* to stand by,  
Not to assist, but praise his Victory.

Tho' greater *Fleets* were never seen before,  
And such brave Captains never may be more:  
*Thoulouse*, the Pride of *Gallia's Fleet*, in vain  
On mighty *Rook*, pour'd all his fiery Train:  
Whose hideous Clamours rent the very Skies  
With Terror, nought but *Britons* durst despise.  
Like some fell Monstrous *Whale*, cast on the Shore,  
That scares the Neighb'ring Cattel with his Roar,  
So *France* spoke from the Cannons murd'ring Breath,  
Doleful Presages of approaching Death.

Whole Shoals of *Gallies* to their Admiral come,  
Which from Great *Rook* receive a speedy Doom:  
With slavish Toil, they cross the Eddies Row,  
But e'er their Work is finish'd, sink below,  
With hideous Shrieks and Cries of *Gallick* Woe.



Down as they Tumble, fresh Men raise their Heads,  
Then sink beneath, into their liquid Beds.

*Rook*, like Great *Neptune* in his God-like Pride,  
When on a sporting *Dolphin* pleas'd to Ride ;  
Mounted on tossing Billows in a Storm  
Round him, as Guards, a Thousand *Tritons* swarm.  
Such is his Glory, and as firm he stands  
Gainst *Gallia's* Navy, and her Batt'ring Rams ;  
While *Jennings*, like a Noble Second, came  
To Aid his *General's* Battel, and proclaim  
How like an *English-man* he courted Fame :  
His Heart was Oak, free from the Thoughts of Fear,  
While Death attacks him both in *Van* and *Rear*,  
And throws Destruction round him ev'ry where.

Now *Tholouse* does afresh his Fury try,  
And Bullets flaming from the Furnace fly,  
They Burn, they Break, they Tear, and they Destroy  
Here gushing Blood the crowded Decks wash down,  
While gorging in the Purple Stream they Drown :  
Or weltring in their Gore, their Spirits spend  
In helpless Cries, before the Battel end.

For such the Fury of these Captains were,  
Each brave Commander did his Danger share,  
And ev'ry Soldier felt the shocking War.

Like



Like as with equal Rage and equal Might,  
 Two adverse Winds contend, together Fight;  
 Cloud against Cloud, and Wave against Wave, they dash,  
 And Sea and Air, with strong Convulsions clash.  
 Then on some Rock with furious Shocks, they rush,  
 And whatso'er opposes them, they crush.

So met these War-like Navies on the Main,  
 And streaming Fires spread o'er the Watry Plain.  
 Like some dire Comet, whose fierce Flames foretel  
 Where bloody Death, or Pestilence will dwell.

As a Wild Bull his Rival's wont to meet,  
 So daring Shovel Storm'd the Gallick Fleet;  
 His Eyes spoke Fire, the Language of his Guns,  
 That with the Force of these, their Courage runs  
 Such Terror in their Navy, as he us'd, he bred,  
 Like some fierce Tyger, who displays his Head  
 Midst Herds of Deer, who've their Pursuer fled.  
 So from our Shovel fled the French away,  
 As Waters run with Force that break their Bay;  
 Or as swift Ure by Volga's rolling Flood,  
 Runs with a Torrent not to be withstood.

Some Cyclops sure, at Vulcan's Anvil, ruck  
 This Thund'ring Heroe out of Fire and Smoke.

*That's*



Thetis her Son invulnerable made  
Of Heracles yet Achilles was afraid  
Achilles invulnerable never was dismay'd.

Now stand and sing and Die, with me bear down,  
On the traitors, they involve their own:  
Your Courage prove, where the most danger grows  
And Satisfaction in their slaughter'd Foes:

And their Decrees obey,  
 And their Hurricanes, or a mad Sea,  
 Or the Wind in vain, for Victory.  
 As they attempt to fly,

...and now, possibly, in the ...  
...and now, possibly, in the ...  
...and now, possibly, in the ...

And with loud shouting, from their Cannons  
 Shall proclaim the vanquish'd Enemy;  
 And our fiercest Artillery proclaim,  
 Great God! His Glory and Immortal Name;  
 Like your's dread Voice, in Thunder and in Flame.

Waters run with force, that break their way;  
As with a Torrent not to be withstood.

is a thundering **HELL** on the and smoke.



